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THE HISTORY OF THE SUFFIX *KAL* (கள்).

" Grammatical gender has been," says Dr. Caldwell, "more fully and systematically developed in the Dravidian tongues than in perhaps any other languages in the world." As in pronouns, there is the same development of gender in the verbs also, which, in the Indo-European languages, is ignored. It is a unique refinement of the Tamilian tongues. It is remarkable that the gender denoting terminations *n, l, r, d,* and *a* are found in several other languages. In some Caucasian dialects *n* and *l* are used as masculine and feminine terminations respectively as in Tamil. Some of the Teutonic tongues form their plural, as in Tamil, by the addition of *r* to the singular : the plural of child was childer in Old English. The suffix *d* (*du*-euphonic) of the Tamil neuter singular is very common in the Indo-European tongues: compare the *E*nglish *that, it, what* (neuter of who); the Latin *illud, id, quod*; the Sanskrit *tyat*, *etat*, *yet*, with the Tamil *ad-u*, *id-u ed-u*. The Latin neuter plural ends in *a*, as a rule, as in Tamil.

These are gender-denoting suffixes. There is another suffix in Tamil used as the sign of plnrality: that is *kal* (கள்). Such as nouns of *Higher Caste* (உயர்திணை) or *Lower Caste* (அஃறிணை), which cannot take the gender-denoting terminations form their plural by adding *kal* with their singular forms. Though kal is now

having a meaning of multitude and added to a word of singular number in order to give it a plural meaning. So the words *ma(k)kal* "men" literally, "man-assembly" *ma(k)-kal*, "animals," lit. "animal-mass," *maram-kal* "trees" lit. "tree-collections" etc, were originally compouud words formed of maga (மக)-man [illegible]kal (கள்)-mass etc. And *kal*, like most terminations, is the remnant of some word which was used in general to express the underlying idea of multitudes and there is little doubt that the word expressing this idea is *kalam* (களம்), meaning gathering or collection. ***Kalam*** is now used in the following sense : (1) நெற்களம், "a thrashing floor," or "a place where grains are gathered." (2) போர்க்களம், a field of battle, or "a place where armies are gathered," (3) தொழுவம் "a place where cattle are shut up."

Though the root of *kalam* is now lost in Tamil, roots identical with it are found in the Aryan family of tongues. Compare the Sanskrit *kal*, "to count," the English cull, "to pick"—,and the Latin *coll-igo* "to bind," or, "connect." It is no matter of surprise that the roots of the words common to both families Tamilian and Aryan lost in one, are to be found in another. We shall exemplify this by one or two illustrations. Prof : Sayce says, "words like our *door*, the Latin *foris*, the Greek *dura*, the sanskrit ***Dwaram*** cannot be traced to any root, that is to say a group of cognate words, has either never existed or else so utterly forgotton and lost that we can no longer tell what common type they may have represented." If European linguists apply to the Tamilian language, it will readily lend them the key for their 'doors" which the Aryan tongues have lost. The supposed lost root of these words is well preserved yet in Tamil. It is *tira* (திற) "to open" pronounced vulgarly *tora*.

From these we clearly see, how among the Tamilian and Aryan languages words and roots are tied and twisted together and, how the root lost in one branch is found in the other. If European philologists study the Tamil language, one of the oldest,

richest and most refined of tongues, as well as they have done Sanskrit a new light will be thrown on the comparative science and we may insist and state that a thorough study of Tamil will profit an etymological lexicographer as well as a philologist.

Prof: Seshagiri Sastriar holds auother theory. He states in his philology that *kal* is a modified form *var* (வர்) a plural suffix, and that it was originally used with the higher caste nouns and then came to be used with lower caste ones. According to him *maram-kal*, "trees," *erudu-kal*, "oxen" &c., were once *maram-var*, *erudu-var* &c. It seems rather strange. It is not necessary for us to discuss here whether *kal* is a modification of *var* or not; for there is no such suffix as *var* in the Tamil tongue. Dr. Stevan's opinion of *kal* to be an elided form of Sanskrit *sakala* may seem to our readers more appropriate than Mr. Sastriar's, though the one is as incorrect as the other. There is nothing to hesitate that the particle *kal* is an elided form of kalam "collection" "gathering" as already explained of.

Let us now enter into the history of this suffix kal. It is an ancient plural denoting particle, even perhaps, older than *ar* and *a*, the plural formative suffixes. It is capable of being traced back to an early period in the history of the language. The antiquity of this particle "kal" can be easily established by its occurrence throughout almost all the Tamilian tongues either *E*astern or Western. In Telugu and modern Canarese this particle is "kalu, as those dialects do not generally allow a consonant at the end of words. But in Malayalam and in ancient Canarese it is kal as in Tamil. It will not be astonishing if we find traces of this much used particle, one portion of it being used by one dialect and another portion by another member of the same family. Even in colloquial Tamil such occurreuces are not uncommon. The illiterate peasants say "nanga and "ninga for "nangal, "we," and "ningal, "you" and "avargal "they" is vulgurly said 'aval; in the former the last portion of "kal and in the latter the first portion are left.

We observe the same in other cognate dialects. The corresponding plural suffix of (Tam.) "kal or (Can.) "kalu is 'lu' in Telugu and in Tulu; there the first part of particle is omitted, yet in some instances the suffix 'kal' is fully exhibited in Telugu. The plural of 'guru' is 'gurukalu'. Most of the nouns ending in 'mu' in "Telugu, as "maramu "tree, "Kolamu " tank," "valamu "beauty," etc. have their plural as "marankulu, "kolankulu, and valankulu &c., modified from the corresponding Tamil maram-kal "trees" kulam-kal "tanks" and polam-kal, "beauties." It is obvious that "kulu in those words is a modification of "kal or "kalu. But the Telugu grammarians, without a full study of the parent tongue erroneously analized these words, distributing them as "maranku ulu etc., in which they thought "ulu was the plural suffix and the remaining parts " maranku etc were stems in singular. But as there were already separate singular forms as "maram, "kolam etc. the inorganic addition of "ku to the singular became optional (vide. Prof. Seshagiri Sastriar's "notes on Aryan and Dravidian Philology," Introduction pp. xii—xiv)

As the Telugu people or otherwise as they are called Vadugar "The northern Tamils" were for many a century, in early ages, the most powerful and prominent people and the ruling race in Northern India, they influenced the barbarous tongues of the neighbouring countries as well as the Northern Mountainous tracts, with their vocabularies and civilization. We, thus, see that many dialects of Tibetan Family possess the Telugu plural suffix "lu, especially those of the North-Eastern frontier.

On the other hand, the Gond and Brahmi, as well as the Western tongues of the Tamilian Family, i.e., the Hungarian, Finnish etc., takes, as plural suffix "k, "ka, or "ak, the other portion of "kal, omitting the last part, in contrast to Telugu, Tulu etc. Thus the plural form of the Hungarian "haz "house," is 'hazak; the plural form of nai, "dog" is naik in Gond. As the Telugu language influenced the neighbouring tongues of other

family, so we see that the western branches of the Tamilian Family influenced the other neighbouring tongues belonging to the Turanian Family as the Lappish etc. with their vocabularies and civilization.

Even the Armenian tongue, one of the Aryan family, which had much contact with the Tamilian tongue in its Native-Elam had participated its plural denoting particle just like many other vocabularies, viz. the plural of tu "thou," is tuk "you." And in new Persian and in Turkish, though both of different families, we see the Tamilian "kal some or other way modified and used.

These incidences prove not only the very antiquity of the particle "kal, the elided form of "kalam "collection" or "gathering" but also the importance and influence played by the early Tamilians in the ancient world. It is high time that we should begin the study of comparative science of the language which will throw new light in the world's history.

Pandit D SAVARIROYAN M.R.A.S.

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2. Desire for the companionship of the good, love for the virtues of others, revenue for spiritual teachers, dilligence in acquiring wisdom, love for their own wives, fear of the world's blame, reverence for Siva, self-restraint, freedom from the acquaintance with evil men-wherever men dwell endowed with virtues like these, they are always reverenced.—*Bhartrihari.*

THE FUNCTION OF DEATH IN THE ECONOMY OF NATURE.

Your dear one is gone—a sense of loneliness comes upon you. You see Death before you. You find it all a chaos. You are lost in the gloom of pain. Heart-piercing agony rushes through you, dim and fast. The world smells a tomb. Death is deaf and loud. The sense of parting, of loss, of desolation, snbmerges you in its ebb and flow. Through darkness and despair, death thunders for its victim. You resign your dear one, and beat your breast and tear your hair. You have yielded one of the richest of your heart. World becomes dull: business a pain. The knife of pain is deep in your heart. Your love is made infinitely sweet by the thought of an irrevocable loss. Where Love is gone—where heart weeps tears of blood—there life bespeaks a grave of dead, dark despair. Love breaks away: lips tremble with broken sighs: and heart is riven with sorest pangs. But know you not that sweet meeting succeeds sad parting? Who can quench the words of an afflicted heart? And who can blow out into vapid air the sparks of truth? Where is your beloved one,—a seraph-winged soul? Know you not that soul sweeps through all eternities? From the storm of sense a life departs. You weep and bleed for being left behind. The beauty and the light, the characteristics and the deeds, of your beloved one, pass from a seeming chaos of death into the holiest of dreams. The splendours of your dear one rise and spread. Through the thunder and darkness of death, you fall to understand the light and music of your loved one. Gloom fills you—but light fills your love. Discordant is the note of your heart—but music is the life of your dear one. Sweet is the music of an ever advancing soul. Life is a lyre, the possibilities a music. No subtle devise this to beguile sorrow but a melodious and a marvellous truth. Life is full of possibilities and for ever. Why are you heavy with sorrow, so selfish ? And why not seek the joy divine ?

Death is the law of nature and the duty of life. To discharge an obligation is to be at peace with a fact of nature. Death is inevitable. As sure as there is a beginning, as sure there is an ending. As sure as there is becoming there is dissolution. Death does not put the extinguisher upon hope. Every fibre of the human heart thrills with the anticipation of a life of a better type. The mind of man ever thirsts for every possibility of every hope. From the depth and void of death the light of hope peeps forth through a dark and gloomy future. In her providence Na-

ture has made Death necessary. And in his prudence, man should make a choice of the necessity. A cheerful compliance with necessity is wisdom. A reasoned consonance with the Inevitable is an enduring peace.

Be and do what you will, your elements will be scattered. Live when, where and how you will, death will mark you down. It may be now, or a century hence: it may be here, or somewhere else: it may be in this way or any other manner: but what is that to you? The fact of death is there. What should I stay for? To do good? Where is doing good without being good? Can you not become good and thus do good by paying your tribute to nature? It is blind talk to say that we do good to another. If we but refrain from doing an injury to another, it is doing good. There is no such thing as doing good, positive. The negation of evil is what you call good.

Who can escape death? The loudest orators, the deepest philosophers, the bravest heroes, the most widely-read scholars, the most knowing ones, the best and loveliest of our race, have all dropped into oblivion, Men who were enormously swollen with conceit; men who merrily passed through every selfish crime; men who claimed and reserved to themselves all honour; men who have withered the heart and hushed the voice of their fellowmen—have all been dissipated into nothing. Men who with a heartless jealousy and with a miser's greed, grudged any the least due to others, and coveted and sought to possess every good thing of the world, they are all gone. Their place knows them not. The most shining ones, tho most beautiful ones, have all passed away. Even those conceited asses which played many a silly prank, which arrogated to themselves all wisdom, have all been kicked down. Such is the frailty of life. And such is the ridiculous foolery of an idle conceit.

A molecule grows and dies: a continent grows and dies. Look at the rise and fall of nations. This is the law of nature. And who can break it? Nature begins, ends and renews the world. If the world lives and dies, and gives place to a new, then how can you, an infinitesimal part thereof, refuse obedience to the Government of Nature. We live to die: and we die to live. This is the fact of existence. Every atom, every being, is connected with every other in mutnal harmony. Through an infinite succession of change, every part of every component being, lives and dies, to make something else in the universe.

This whole universe will live and die, and change into some other universe. Nothing can ever be completely lost. This is the

law of nature. When such is the fact, where is the reason in the grief for the dead? I will allow a tender tear for the memory of the dearly beloved one, bat I will put down excessive grief and undue wailing to morbid sentimentalism. Nor do I see humanity in a heart dried of all emotion. Man is not all intellect, but he is largely emotional. Where intellect and emotion blend into one harmonious music, there is the blessing of a high, rational being. What though my prattling child sinks at last into a mass of pulseless? What though my charmer falls down thoughtless, speechless and motionless? I saw my charmers in my child and wife. But I see them no more. But what was the condition of my relationship with them? Was I not under the charms of my mortals? Did I make friends with the immortals? And why grieve, then, when they have flown away from my horizon? Talk not of a short life. A life of virthe is long enough even for a mortal's time. Talk not of falling into annihilation. Nothing can produce nothing. Something must have come out of something.

"Our deeds follow us from afar. And what we have been makes us what we are." And after death we shall be what we have now been. We don't know what life is. Science has not yet wrested from nature the secret of life. But this we know that life has not come out of nothing: and will not go down into nothing. No force—no energy—shall be lost—is the decree of nature. Matter and force have all along been evolving improvements through many and various conditions. And yet the conservancy of energy is maintained. And yet matter remains just the same in the sum total. Such is the Providence of Nature. After all matter and force may not at all be different in kind but different shades of one and the same substance in varying conditions. Well, let this stand here. In the beneficence of Nature, something dies to put forth a new life. Death does not stop porgress but leads mortals to new glories and fresh possibilities. Death lays aside the old form of a life and clothes it with a fresh and starts it on new lines with new conditions. Such is the Function of Death in the *Economy* of Nature. Why mark the presence of death with all that is hideous and gloomy? Drunk with sorrow, we miscall our bright and generous Mother a derk devil. Death—a Mother? Yes, I am born of something dead. Something else will be born of my dead self. It is death which has produced me and it is death which shall produce some new being out of the present I. If there is mystery in the birth of my I, there is mystery in the death of my I.

Through a series of changes my I is born: and if it comes to face death it is not that it has dissipated into nothing as it seems.

How can it? What has come from afar will go far, far away the seeming close of its career to-day. Death charms us into a sleep, and life means our weary restless hours. And what is this I? A group of form, sensation, perception, discrimination and consciousness, touched by a peculiar tone of characteristics, which reveal themselves as an individual in a fleeting personality. And when this individual bound down by laws as certain and unerring at those which govern the whole cosmos, dies or rather pauses a while to begin his career fresh with the experiences that he or she gained, it is not that he or she is done up, but passes on from height to height. Matter or energy never dies but changes from one condition to another. Life never dies but changes and passes into a new life. Our past experiences reveal themselves in us as conscience. And our present ones will be the memory of the future. Death sums up the Past in the Present, and brings up the sum of good and evil tendencies (which is the soul) of the present to the fresh possibilities of the Future. So we see Death performing a noble function in the evolution of all that is.

The whole universe stands decreed to the conditions of birth, growth, decline and death. In the death of one lies the birth of another. The "loss" here is a "gain" somewhere. In the death of an error lies the birth of a truth.

Death is a powerful educationist. Death warns us against our cleaving to transitory things, breaks our morbid attachment to fleeting relations, educates us out of our silly conceit, of our stupid arrogance, and of our foolish pranks and selfish crimes. Death presents life in its true colors. Death stands above all human power, all human learning, all human beauty and all human glory. In the light of Death, life, however pretentious, looks poor and pitiable. What though you cover a continent with your title-deeds —or an ocean with your commerce? What though you make a mint of money, or command the world's market, or live in all the circumstances of a mighty potentate? Death will take you away. And who can obstruct it in its duty? You grow conceited and look down upon struggling ones, because you have made a set speech in the council, because you have read a lesson to the senate, because you have writen a learned judgment from on the Bench, because you are a successful this or that. But death laughs at you all the while for all your petty pranks and shows you at last how small you have been though so pretentious.

Death reveals the hollowness of self-seeking. Death shows self a fleeting phantom, and counts its seekings a mistake. We

want money, but we would not allow another have any part of it. Nay, we would grow rich and powerful with the blood of others. We want to make a name: but we will not allow another to make one for himself. We would do all to kill him in his reputation. So on with all the coveted things of the world. No learning is a guarantee against self seeking of a most savage type. Such is the strength and mischief of self-seeking. Cannibalism we protest against. But there is yet cannibalism amongst us in a different form, but worse and more subtle. Cannibalism you can see face to face in the race for wealth and woman, for food and drink, for shelter and conveyance, for name and fame, for power and glory. But even savage self-seeking comes at last within the reach and grasp of Death. The rich grow vain and heartless: the poor mean and insolent : the "learned" swell with conceit; intolerance, prejudice and barbaric selfishness. But life is fleeting. Death blanches the arrogance of power and the conceit of learning, into a puff of smoke or into a handful of dust.

Even those Jugglers who live a devil and talk and write a bible, who to secure and further their own selfish ends, seek to hush even the voice of an angel, who in the name of a God of whose praise they are loud, would crucify that very God if he should appear just now in flesh and blood,—even these Jugglers who are having a good time of it by throwing dust into the eyes of the multitude,—even these Jugglers of so many forms and types,... even these cannot outwit death. No hypocrisy however subtle, no rascality however keen and successful, can evade death. Death masters everything in nature from the countless sands to the starry hosts. Why, even the loudest fame dwindles at last into a solemn silence of a oblivion; even the most extensive wealth spends itself into vapid air: even the most resplendent glory sinks at last into a void of gloom. Death stands at the end of each and all. We covet this, and hate that. We grow our pretensions: we stunt our sympathies. We seek a fleeting pleasure and spill blood from the heart of another. But when death knocks at our door, where is our boasted learning? where is our vaunted power? where is the strength of woman villainy? Where is that lovely form of flesh and muscle we have adored? No gold can bribe, no honour can charm Death into silence. But then. Because death is so stubborn death is not to be feared as an enemy. We must rise and go forward to bid Death welcome. Death, even when threatening, is extremely kind. *D*eath robs us of all fear. The very thought of death transports me with joy. Standing by the side of Death I count every dreaded object a sham and every coveted one a trash. I care not for what the world gives me and what it takes away from me. I

see in me no craven fear, no selfish sorrow. It is all joy where the thought of death is.

Death is comfounded with pain. But nothing can be farther from truth. Where death is not, pain is. Where pain is, death is not. This is the truth of it. Death is no sensation—but a suspension of sensation. Where unconsciousness sets in, pain beats a hasty retreat. Ignorant of nature's laws, we are broken to pieces and ground to dust: Knowing them, we win an empire of joyous peace.

Death is a joy! Why, you see before you a trouble, and you look to death for comfort. And death comforts you and gives you peace. Well, death tells you that even this large seeming trouble shall pass away. And then. You come to rate yourself very high by reason of some accidental advantage which you happen to possess over others. Then death comes to you and tells that this advantage or privilege of which you have grown unreasonably proud and by which you have grown foolishly contemptuous towards others, is not to endure for ever, that this also shall pass away, and that you shall soon be the feast of worms. Death gives us enlightenment, if we only know how to learn lesson from it. Death tells us that we are all one, in as much as we are all bound to it. Thus death breaks our sense of separateness. The death of separateness heralds the birth of joy. Where there is no separateness, there is no ignorance: and where there is no ignorance, there is no attachment: where there is no attachment, there is no hate: and where there is no hate, there is joy. Death breaks our narrow separateness,—only to give us a larger vision of the united whole.

All flesh is grass. No chancellor, no statesman, no millionaire, but is flesh. From a prince to a pauper, from a fool to a wiseman, every one passes away before our very eyes like a vanishing ghost. Death wraps our senses up in sweet oblivion of all our mortal concerns.

Why break our hearts because we are to die, as though we are to grieve because we were not born ten centuries ago. We appear only to disappear. And we disappear only to re-appear. We rise to fall. And we fall only to rise again. We gain to lose. And we lose only to recover it. Beauty blooms only to wither. And who knows from withered fragments a fresh beauty may not bloom with an increased brilliancy?

Talk and write what you will about "Annihilation." But there is hope throbbing and pulsating in all. Nature wants a balance. And death works for it. The concerns of life are transcient: yet

we are so restless. Self-conceit takes myriad shapes, bears a thousand names, and does countless mean things. If nothing else, death gives us peace. If life is a constant parting, *D*eath, at worst, takes up to a place where there can be no parting. But death counts life a scaffold, and progress an edifice.

Right or wrong, it is truth to us which is in accord with our hearts. And the hope of a better life is an instinct written deeply in the heart of man. Far down in our hearts we hear the gentle whisper of a beautiful hope that nothing on earth should go to naught.

Behind and before you and me there is Necessity. And Necessity acts in certain sequence. No theory spun of barren words is this! But a fact! Fear Nature? No—Never. Nature shall take me as a mother to her arms, and awake me back with a life-and-death call! Pain of loss, of separation, may howl. But death sheds beauty and deep softness over life. Words are breath. Escape from illusive fancies unto truth. Death is death no more: but rich with the suggestions of beauty, of hope. Come what may: I am safe in the hands of Nature. Nature has brought me up. I resign my future unto Her. Her will shall be done. She has given me being and when She through death demands it, I will deliver it up with a resignation that is sweet and with a piety that is true. Let Her set up my I in whatever form, in whatever condition she may choose. To those who trust to Her She vouchsafes joy.

When death, the confidant of nature comes to us, let pain and despair go. Whatever shape death may assume, let us stand straight in her presence and lift her veil, and we will behold higher forms and grander ends.

In the embrace of Hope let the dead sleep. Hope puts a star of thought in the night of grief. Let us swear obedience to the Will of the Inevitable. Let us do the Bidding of the Environment. Only then, and not till then, can you understaud the Function of Death in the Economy of Nature. Only then, and not till then, can dark despair cease eating us up. Only then, and not till then, will Hope sing in all silence her hearts' melody on the air's soft stream. Away Despair! Thy wild dance maddens me! Let Hope be my stay, my minister. Let naught ruffle my peace!

Think of the eternity of Time! Think of the immensity of Space! Which record will tell our story, aye, the story of even this planet? What fraction of space, what part of time, goes to the formation and duration of a mortal? How many planets could not Time and Space survive! How little and short is man! What

shadows we are—and what shadows our relations and cencerns are! He who is at peace with Death' is a King of Kings, a Lord of Lords. No fear, no want, no pain, can assail such a Soul of Beauty and Joy. With the hopes of Death I count a world's word an empty sound : and a world's little passing pomps an idle show. Imbued with the dauntlessness of Death I defy every storm of Care, of Pain, of Hate. In the lignt of Death how small the victories, how tame the terrors of life look! Looking to Death, I am content to live a quiet and peaceful life—content to fashion a beauteous character out of every circumstance—content to let my life remain unknown, unrecognised and untold.

Under the reign of Law, not evil but good shall fall at last—far off—at last, to all. All action all suffering, shall bear at last, their fruit and flower. Hope touches the world with living flame and emits rays of Happiness. Death and Peace shall meet at last. By a series of operation death works out undying peace. Paradox as this may appear, this nevertheless contains large truth. We creep along the labyrinths just to climb the rocks: we pass through death to immortality. In truth, our aspirations bear us on so far as to place within our grasp the highest joy that we are capable of enduring. In truth, we laugh at sorrow and mock pain with smiles, when Hope demands from Nature her fairest star.

A S. MUDALIAR.

If you would be a man, speak what you think to day in words as hard as cannon balls, and to morrow speak what to morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to day.

R. W. Emerson.

Carve the face from within, not dress it from without. For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul ; the face catches the glow only from that side.

W. C. Gannett.

It is what yon are, not where you are. If a young man has the right stuff in him. he need not fear where he lives or does his business Many a large man has expanded in a small place.

Edward Bok.

RELIGION AND ETHICS.

(*Notes of a Lecture by Mrs. Besant.*)

There was a time in Europe a few centuries ago, when the prevailing idea was that faith was everything and conduct mattered little; a man was judged by what he believed and not by what he was. This idea was carried so far that Melancthon is reported to have said that "heresy is worse when eaten off a golden dish" that is to say, the heresy of a good man is more harmful than that of an evil one, because his conduct recommends the heresy. Belief was then of so much importance that men were burned alive for believing wrongly and everything turned on questions of dogma and doctrine. Now we find exactly the opposite view; people are apt to think it does not matter what a man believes if he acts rightly, he is to be judged by action, not belief; conduct is all-important, and belief matters very little. This is the result of the reaction from the former position. It does matter profoundly what a man believes; not because his salvation depends upon it, he is just as safe whether he believes one thing or another, but because his character is the result of his thought; no one who recognises the enormous importance and effect of thought can ever say it does not matter what a man believes. Religious beliefs, both past and present, very much influence ethical ideas, the rules on which conduct is based, and you cannot leave out the influence of thought with regard to conduct any more than with regard to other things. Man is created by thought, as a man thinks, so he is. If this is true it cannot be a matter of indifference what are our beliefs—whether we think rightly or wrongly of the Supreme Life, and of our own lives, whether we think that we are living one great life, with many births or deaths, or believe that a man is born and dies once only. and that all his future depends on it. These things all bear on ethics.

Let us see how far historically religious and ethical systems have been conjoined. It is sometimes said that the ethical system grows out of the religious and its sanction is a religious one. But this is not universally true. The morality taught by Confucius, for example, had not a religious basis, so far as we can see. His morality was based on the idea of utility to society and appealed to the moral instinct rather than to the religious sanction; not to the will of God, but to its own inherent rightness, depending on reason. So we find he lays down various great principles of conduct appealing to the reason. One of these is characteristic of his habit of thought, and is somewhat in conflict with the teaching

of most of the great teachers of the world. On this point the Western mind would be more inclined to agree with Confucius. It is a fundamental principle in all religions that we should return good for evil. But Confucius dealt with this in a very common-sense way; he said, recompense good with good, but evil with *justice*. Now that is a very fine thought, and is true with regard to the judge, the statesman and the magistrate. In the Sermon on the Mount there are some beautiful moral precepts as for instance, " if a man take away thy coat, give to him thy cloak also;" a high, noble morality, but not the morality for the State. If a judge were to take his cloak and give it to the thief, every one would cry out against him, and he would be removed from his position. It is true that evil can only be cured by the opposite good. So Lao-Tze said:—"the miser I will treat with liberality, the liar with truth, the cruel with kindness, and thus all will become good." But in dealing with social matters, it is necessary to have the rule of Confucius, and to recompense evil with justice. Confucius stood alone on this point, perhaps because he, unlike most of the great spiritual teachers, was concerned with social order rather than with individual ethics.

One of the modern schools of morality takes *utility* as its basis, and builds upon that its maxim of "the greatest happiness for the greatest number." It is a noble system of ethics, and does not lack purity and nobility, but it lacks inspiration and motive power. The rule that the right is that which brings the greatest happiness to the greatest number is imperfect, because it does not include all. What about the minority? Is that to be trampled down to secure the good of the majority? There is something lacking in the theory that takes this principle as its basis. Right is that which bring about perfect happiness for every sentient being. But even supposing the principle of the utilitarian to be satisfactory, there would still be something needed to make it binding. It is binding on the unselfish man; when you say to him that he should sacrifice himself for his country, the man who is highly evolved, intellectually and morally, will answer to it and will say at once that it is quite true. But it will not appeal to the selfish or undeveloped man who could not answer to the thought that the good of the whole is more than the good of the part. He would say " what has posterity done for me, that I should trouble about posterity?"—a manifestly unanswerable question.

William Kingdon Clifford has put this matter on a strong foundation, though not quite complete. He says that the human race is a unity, and one generation grows out of another; whatever

the present has a literature, philosophy, and so on, has come from the past, and since all we have is a legacy from the past, we are bound to increase it and make it richer for those who will come after. But when you are dealing with people in general, you want something more than that, for a nation is made up of selfish and brutal people as well as the noble and highly evolved; and something imperative is needed that will appeal to every one, both the educated and uneducated. This cannot be found outside religion, and on the nature of the belief will depend the nature of the ethics. In France an attempt was made to carry out the teaching of morality without religion; religion was put entirely on one side, except in religious orders, and duty to the country was put forward as the basis of morality; but this was not found to lead to high patriotism or purity of life, nor did it produce a binding sense of unity; and the nation went to pieces under attack. Human nature was too strong and something more was needed than an appeal to ethics.

The foundation of religion is the One Life, the only sure foundation we can have. There is but one life. the same in every one; we are leaves of one tree. By the fact of this common life an injury done to one is an injury to all; injury to your neighbour is injury to yourself, and there is no hope of escape from the effect, any more than a man could expect to escape the punishment for a crime by changing his coat. The unity of the Self is the fundamental truth on which both ethics and religion are based. From the standpoint of religion the strength of this belief lies in the fact that you do not want any external proof of the existence of the Self. Proof comes as you realise yourself. Realising the One Self, the identity of the Self in God and in man, religion becomes self-poised. The true basis of ethics is that we have a moral duty towards all creatures not only towards man, and it is here that the fulness comes in which is lacking in the utilitarian system. You can then no longer talk about the majority for the minority is also part of the one life, and you cannot leave out from the circle of that life even the meanest creature. Universal happiness is the object of the universe, and not the most trivial life can be excluded. The utilitarian is right in his object, but he does not recognise the fact that happiness and divine life are identical, and that every happiness short of divine bliss is impermanent, and does not satisfy the demand for true happiness which is found in unity with itself and with others. Happiness is the one thing we are all seeking; it is the inevitable goal, because the Self is bliss, and it must find in every being the realisation of itself. This idea is found in Hinduism; the aim of the philosophy is to put an end to pain and

to find peace. And as the Upanishat puts it, a man might as soon try to roll up the ether as leather, as to escape misery without the knowledge of God.

The next question is, how will religious beliefs affect fundamental laws? What is right and what is wrong? To a man who believes in an extra cosmic God, who created the world at a particular moment of time, the world is outside God, not part of Himself, it does not share His inherent nature. Laws are imposed upon it by the will of God, from outside, and must be obeyed like the laws of a king or parliament, which are imperative because the ruler is recognised as supreme, they are artificial and carry with them the idea of reward and punishment. According to this view of God and nature, there is no common factor between them, nothing which makes happiness the inherent result of good, and misery the inherent result of evil. The religions based on the idea of reward and punishment are always marked with this atmosphere of artificiality. Take the articles of the Church of England, to which every clergy man is supposed to subscribe. According to these every man is born sinful, because of Adam's sin, and is therefore an object of God's wrath and condemnation, by reason of his birth, which he does not choose; and the penalty is everlasting punishment. But this was felt to be too horrible, and so a scheme was made by which it might be avoided. By baptism the child was made a child of God instead of a child of wrath, and the imputed sin of Adam was balanced by the imputed virtue of Christ—beliefs which are utterly untrue, but necessary if the primary statement is admitted. The result was a false idea of rightness and confusion of mind; right came to mean that which God commands, there was no criterion outside His will. It was impossible to argue from what was seen in the world around to the mind of God, for the evil man became rich, the good man was poor and unfortunate. Christians then fell back upon an authoritative book; but here there are the difficulties of translations, MSS., etc; a standpoint of right and wrong based upon a book must always be unreliable. But if the world is the expression of the Divine Life, that in which God Himself is immanent, then the laws of nature are the expression of the Divine Nature; there is no question of reward and punishment, but of inevitable sequence. Fire burns, and if a hand is put into the fire, the burning of the hand is not a punishment, but a natural result. Ignorance may put its hand into the fire, and may learn by it, and it is the same with all the laws of nature; the results are all beneficial, bringing increase of knowledge; by every experience we learn the nature of life.

Seeing the world as the expression of the Divine Life, and its laws as the expression of Divine Law, we see evolution as the object of life, the right is then that which is in harmony with evolution, and wrong is whatever goes against it. Right is the nature of the part expressing itself harmoniously in all activities ; it is an ever-growing harmony, an unfolding thing, not something laid down once for all. Right and wrong are therefore relative terms, not absolute, and the right of the savage is not that of the civilised man. That which the undeveloped man may do because it gives him fresh knowledge, may not be done by one who is more developed, because for him it would mean a going backward. So we gradually come to see in the world the purpose of God unfolding and the perfection of the divine harmony shaping for itself forms of ever richer and more splendid beauty, always going onwards, never backwards. Then we have a standard which we can apply to conduct everywhere and always, making it an inspiration to a man, no matter at how low a stage he may be, to go forward a little, and to realise that he is working with humanity and with divinity.

This implies another doctrine, the continuity of life ; here religions come in with their doctrines. Science has reached the continuity of matter, but not of life, and so it finds itself face to face with difficulties ; the recognition of the continuity of life is necessary for right understanding. When Christianity gave up the teaching of the pre existence of the soul, and put in its place the most unphilosophical doctrine that every new body had a new soul created for it, and that that soul, upon leaving the body, would go straight to heaven or to hell ; it adopted a test of a very peculiar kind, making a man's whole future depend on the way in which he lived this one life. Hence arose the importance of works. For you cannot turn an entirely undeveloped man into a genius, and when he comes to die he will still be a very poor creature, and will have to live life after life before there is any very marked difference. If you take a child born of an evil type and with an evil character, you can do very little with that child in one short life. You can plant a little seed of good, but you cannot change the nature, the criminal will remain a criminal, and what is to become of him after death ? To meet these difficulties were devised the doctrines of justification by faith, the vicarious atonement, and the imputation of the righteousness of Christ to the sinner. To-day we have the reaction from all this. Canon Farrar was once speaking to a navvy who was not leading a good life, and told him he would go to hell if he would go to hell if he did not

mend his ways. The man answered, "Mister, do you mean to tell me that after sticking me here in the mud, God is going to stick me in hell fire?" Rough words, but true; and they made such an impression, that Canon Farrar began to reconsider his beliefs.

All these false doctrines and the consequent confusion of thought had their influence on the character of those who believed them, right and wrong became confused, and the whole idea of evolution by means of effort fell into the background. Once convince men that by believing in Jesus they can escape the consequences of evil, and you have struck at the very foundations of morality, as may be seen in the low morality of Christendom at the present day, as compared with that of the Eastern religions. This is very marked here in India, where we have all religions and can compare them; it is very striking to observe how much lower is the morality of those religions which do not teach Karma and Re incarnation than of those which hold these beliefs.

Religious doctrines have thus a very great influence on ethics, for wrong beliefs bring wrong conduct in their train, and by taking away the principles of the unity of life and the inviolability of law you take away the very foundation of right, and therefore of all ethical systems. So, while never blaming a man for wrong belief, we should always try to enlighten him, knowing that the wrong belief will come out eventually in wrong conduct. In this way we may keep the balance between the idea of the all-importance of belief, and the reaction against that, which says that if a man is good, everything is all right if a man is good, but we must also remember that the truer the thought, the greater the goodness, and that by training our thought and our belief, we may lay the foundations of a good and noble life.—*From Theosophy in India.*

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, ..., is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear:
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SAIVA SIDDHANTA MOVEMENT.

THE OTHER SIDE.

An extract of a letter was published in the October issue of this journal. I beg to comment on it.

I am not one of those bigoted men who blindly believe that whatever the mind chooses to read, nor one of those narrow-minded men who think that there should be nothing which could not be graced by their mind. I am one of those who believe in the fitness of things, that a new-born babe must be fed with milk, and that an infant should not be permitted to steer an air-ship.

The Saiva Siddhanta is undoubtedly a universal religion, but it has a thousand grades suited to the thousand grades of spiritual development, just as a language has books for abecedarians as well as for savants. I believe many of us are not following the Dharmas of even the lowest of the four well-known padas. Some of us have been matriculated by our Gurus (given the Samaya Deeksha), but we do not behave in a way worthy of Matriculates of that august University of Saiva Siddhanta, and if the syndicate were powerful many of us might have been struck off th rolls. Besides our adharma ways we commit the very serious offence of abusing it by writing original theses to qualify for the D.Sc. degree, and what is worse we try to upset the most important principles of the university and to adopt methods practised by mercenary universities which hesitate to confer degrees on horses only. I got my early education in a Mission School, and in my twelfth year I had occasion to wish that all Mission Schools should be extirpated. But it took me several years to get out of their ways of thinking which had stolen into me. So, I was now and then doing religious preaching attempting proselytising and *studying* Sivagnanabodham and even Tiruvachakam. I found that I could never understand these books that I was like a curious boor who stole into an observatory to enjoy the sublime happiness of observing heavenly bodies but found he was only in a maze and the only qualification he had in common with the astronomer was the presence in the observatory and that too with the difference that his entrance was stealthy. I am now fully convinced that this curiosity is a folly, these are western ways and very sinful. It is a folly because they are incomprehensible and can be of no use to me in that way. Our creator Brahma did not know the meaning of the first sound uttered before every Veda Sloka (Vide Kandapuranam stanza 1214). Are we the people to understand Sivagnanabodham? The Tillaivalan-

thanar who were adored by Sundarar did not know the meaning of Tiruvachakam and were told that the meaning was our Lord Natesa. (But now it is believed to be understood by Mlechchas of a Mlechcha religion, and translated by them. Of course, we cannot question them, only we should not approach the translation.) The four great Rishis begged of Parameswara to teach them the Gnana Pada. They were blessed with a gracious smile indicating the presence of ignorance in them of the very nature of Gnana (Vide Kanda P. St. 421). Can there be a greater error than to think of understanding such supreme truths, understanding them like "any book on Science or Logic." We can understand Tiruvachakam and Sivagnanabodham as much as an infant can understand Differential Calculus wherein the curves are taken to be nothing more than scribbles it makes on the ground.

I think our folly has reached its zenith, and it is time for it to begin to sink. Even among missionaries, Catholics do not allow everyone indiscriminately to read the Bible; and once when a Bishop showed me with a sardonic smile the sentence in the introduction in a certain edition of the Sivagnana Siddhiar purporting that whoever reads it without having obtained certain Deekshas and other qualifications is doomed to hell, and asked me if he was also so destined, I told him it was a serious affair, religious knowledge was meant to guide us in our acts, when these qualifications were not possessed misunderstanding was assured leading the reader to wrong acts and hence to hell; I also brought home to him the truth by referring to the way of Catholics. Sivagnanabodham may be considered as the symbol of God (cp. Kanda P. st. 1126). Do you think any one who takes up the study of the book after going through the prescribed preliminary course will dare to associate it with Logic and Science? One part of the letter proves the error in the other part.

My humble opinion then is that at least in religion we must not adopt western ways. If we want to understand religion, we can get enough from our usual Gurus who are specially authorised to teach religion, and then we may be directed by them to the Puranas, which our correspondent for reasons known to him alone excludes from shastras. Kasipanupadesam which was enough for the sons of that great Rishi cannot be too short for us. When we see that we have practised all those teachings, we shall certainly get more light, and we may ask for more, not till then*. In fact,

* "In Senator Fogazzaro's novel, "The Saint" a group of students for the ministry come to the hero for help in some theological difficulties. The Saint ......tells them to go home and live according to what they already know to be right before hoping for more light." Great Thoughts.

the thirst which drives us not real thirst, it is the religious counterpart of the thirst for liquor also taught by Westerners.

A philosopher says, "Religious truth cannot, therefore, be imparted, as has sometimes been supposed, by an intellectual medium of verbal exposition and theological demonstration. Being an affair of the feelings a method must be sought adapted to heighten the intensity of these." We must therefore heighten the emotions by studying the lives of Saints in Periapuranam and the infinite grace of our Lord in Tiruvilayadal Puranam, and by reciting poems like Devaram and Tiruvachakam, taking special care to get holy men to guide us in them, and all the while aiming at good thoughts and good deeds not at knowing for its own sake. Besides it is against the traditions of our religion to throw broad cast high spiritual truths and to work like the S. P. C. K. and the S. P. G. We must always remember that we cannot replace even an iota in our religious principles which are all eternal.

"DHARMA."

(We regard with great respect the views given expression to by our correspondent but we are bound to confess that we do not altogether agree with him. Our friend evidently confuses theology or Philosophy and Religion with Religious Practice, and it is possible to reason out Religion as far as the human mind can reach; and that is what all such philosophical works aim at, whether Hindu or non-Hindu. And even Catholics have written about the theory of Religion abundantly and we have ourselves published such contributions from Rev. Father G. Bartoli. And we feel convinced that such truths are not confined to the Saiva Religion but is the common property of all mankind. Of course we fully recognize the importance of the preliminary requests of a sound moral character and conduct, and study of such works as our friend advises, and we have pointed out that these studies will be sufficient even as the last course. We hope to refer to this subject again at length. Ed.)

The Limitation and suppression of the liquor traffic forms one of the most important problems in modern society. Thousands and thousands of homes have been broken up, caused by the traffic in intoxicants. This lamentable social corruption is traceable in large degree to the legalised saloons.

Judge Ben B. Lindsay.

ONIONS AS A REMEDY.

"Dr. Jones, of New Brunswick, N. J., contributes an article to the "Wisconsin Medical Recorder," on the treatment of pneumonia This doctor says a great many sensible things about the treatment of this formidable disease, and I wish every doctor in the land could read it and be influenced by it.

Among other things, the doctor refers to the use of onions in the treatment of pneumonia says: "Just as soon as there is a chill, with pain in the lungs and difficulty of breathing, slice raw onions quite thin, place them in a muslin bag large enough to cover the chest, warm the bag over a hot stone until heated thorough, then apply over the chest next to the skin. Two bags should be made, so as to have two poultices, and change them every hour or as soon as they lose their heat.

This poultice will always relieve the pain and difficulty of breathing. If it is used as directed, it can be depended on, nor only in pneumonia, but in conjestion of the lungs and croup or sudden colds in young children.

" Onions have a very sensitive organism. They are a powerful absorbent to all morbid matter that they come in contact with. In the northern part of England, during the Cholera epidemic, it puzzled the sanitary inspectors. Why one house in a row of infected houses escaped infection, At last some one noticed a net of onions hanging in the fortunate house, which, upon examination, proved to have become diseased.

"Care should be taken never to eat an onion that shows symptoms of decay, for no one can tell what may have caused the decay. An onion, boiled or roasted, eaten before bedtime, will keep the stomach sweet and clean and give a good night's sleep." This is my excellent advice. Sensible persons can do this without the assistance of a physician; and no doubt a great many lives would be saved if they should do so.

Many physicians would even oppose the use of a poultice of any kind in pneumonia, as is shown by an accident which the doctor relates further on in his article.

" As I am writing this article a letter lies on my table from a lady in Boston, who had pneumonia and used the above onion

poultice and cured herself; after her family doctor had diagnosed her case pneumonia, charged her five dollars for the visit and left her some medicine that did her no good. He told her, "We don't use warm applications over the chest; that day has gone by.' The lady writes me that an old uucle of her husband practised 50 years in Connecticut and never lost a case of pneumonia, and he-used the onion as directed above."

Dr. Jones is an old man, grown grey in the practice of medicine. He grndnated long before most of the smart ales who are now practicing medicine were old enough to attend kindergarten.

The doctor has learned the value of such a harmless remedy as onions in the treatment of the very dangerous disease, pneumonia.

Of course, this sort of treatment will not suit the average doctor. He is thinking all the while of his disease germ killers, his vital stimulants, and all that sort of thing. To descend to such homely advice as making an onion poultice, or even ordering one, is beneath the dignity of the modern high-headed doctor. I wish there were more doctors like Dr. Eli G. Jones, of New Jersey. That family is to be congratulated who can command the services of such a sensible physician. He has not only saved disease, but saved them much unnecessary expense."

I believe in the religion of Love—love for everybody and for everything—the rich and the poor—the well and the afflicted—the week and the strong—the old and the young—for man and for beast. I believe it were better to praise the honest living than to eulogize the dishonest dead—better to pluck a blossom from the breast of Nature and pin it with affectionate touch to the tattered coat of some forlorn, unfortunate, than to lay a wealth of hot house bloom upon some rogue's luxurious casket.—*I. B. Smith.*

We than the Lord, for work, that hinds our days
Ints an ordered plan and keeps own ways
Attuned to system; grasps our scattering powers
And welds then who strength; takes fragrant hours
And weaves them into fabrics strong and fair.

W. K. Maxwell.